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TALES OF FANTASY AND SUSPENSE!

No.3

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AHC

EERIE

Monster of the Storm!

The Case of the Painted Beasts!

The Mirror of Isis!

Was He Dead?

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THE CURSE OF AN EGYPTIAN KING... DEAD FOR MANY CENTURIES... REACHES OUT TO FULFILL ITS MISSION OF DEATH! READ WHAT TAKES PLACE WHEN BRAD STANFIELD UNCOVERS THE...
"MIRROR OF ISIS!"
"THE CASE OF THE PAINTED MONSTER!"
...THE STORY OF A STRANGE PAINTING THAT TOOK REVENGE ON THOSE THAT SCOFFED AT IT!
A MAN WHO MURDERED WITHOUT REASON... AND THEN CAME BACK FROM THE DEAD AS THE...
"MONSTER OF THE STORM!"
WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU WERE JACK BURTON? HOW COULD YOU ANSWER THE BAFFLING QUESTION..."WAS HE DEAD?"

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THEY LAUGHED AT TOMMY DUGAN WHEN HE TOLD THEM WHAT HE HAD SEEN! NOBODY BELIEVED HIM! MAYBE YOU WON'T EITHER! BUT WHEN THE NEXT FULL MOON COMES, WOULD YOU WANT TO BE NEAR THAT GRUESOME PAINTING? DON'T ANSWER THAT! NOT UNTIL YOU'VE READ WHAT HAPPENED TO TOMMY DUGAN, THE ROOKIE COP, WHEN HE TRIED TO SOLVE . . .

THE CASE OF THE PAINTED BEAST!

NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE-- I'M JUST SEEING THING!

I'M JUST A ROOKIE COP--TOMMY DUGAN! MAYBE I'M CRAZY--BUT IF YOU WANT TO HEAR WHAT HAPPENED TO ME, I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU STRAIGHT! YOU'RE WELCOME TO IT-- I'VE HAD ENOUGH!

IT ALL BEGAN LAST WINTER, WHEN MAYOR CORBIN PUT AN ANNOUNCEMENT IN THE MAPLE VALLEY *WEEKLY ARGUS*, OUR TOWN NEWSPAPER

ANNOUNCEMENT

BY ORDER OF MAYOR JAMES CORBIN
ENTRIES WILL NOW BE RECEIVED FOR A PAINTING TO BE PURCHASED BY THE VILLAGE OF MAPLE VALLEY. CANVAS MUST BE A MINIMUM OF SIX FEET BY SIX FEET. COMPLETED PAINTING MUST BE SUBMITTED BY JUNE 1ST. THE JUDGES WILL BE MAYOR CORBIN AND TOWN CLERK PETER ROLLINS. THE WINNING CANVAS WILL BE PERMANENTLY HUNG IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE NEW TOWN HALL. THERE ARE NO RESTRICTIONS AS TO SUBJECT MATTER OF THE PAINTING. ARTISTS ENTERING THE COMPETITION MUST BE RESIDENTS OF MAPLE VALLEY.

I'LL PAINT A PICTURE FOR THAT COMPETITION!

THE OLD MAN'S NAME WAS EZRA VALE. HE LIVED IN A HOUSE DOWN IN WILLOW BROOK HOLLOW, AT THE NORTH END OF TOWN! HE WAS A QUEER OLD DUCK, LIVING ALONE, SEEMED TO HAVE NO FAMILY OR FRIENDS!

GOOD MORNING, YOUNG MAN!

MORNING, MR. VALE!

I GUESS THE OLD FELLER WORKED PRETTY HARD ALL SPRING ON HIS PAINTING! THEN, THE END OF MAY, I HAPPENED TO MEET HIM, AND...

HELLO, YOUNG MAN! I SUPPOSE I'LL BE SEEING YOU AT THE LIBRARY TOMORROW NIGHT? THE COMPETITION, YOU KNOW!

SURE, MR. VALE!

THE COMPETING PAINTINGS WERE TO BE UNVEILED IN THE LIBRARY! THERE WAS QUITE A CROWD TAKIN' A LOOK AT THE ENTRIES AS THEY WERE UNVEILED ONE BY ONE!

THEY'RE UNVEILING THEM NOW! COME ON!

OKAY--TAKE IT EASY, GLAD!

GLADYS LOVED 'EM! BUT THEY LOOKED

OHHHH--! ISN'T THAT BEAUTIFUL! SO GRACEFUL! SO--SO--

IS IT?

AND NOW, THE ENTRY BY MR. EZRA VALE! IT'S ENTITLED, 'THE FOREST OF FEAR!'

OOOO--HOW EXCITING!

N-HOW HORRIBLE!

IT SURE GAVE EVERYBODY A SHOCK! NATURALLY, IT DIDN'T WIN!

THE PRIZE GOES TO MISS AGGIE SMITHERS, FOR HER PAINTING, "OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS!"

THEY'RE FOOLS! MY MONSTER SHOULD HAVE WON IT!

LOOK AT OLD MAN VALE!

THE NEW TOWN HALL WASN'T READY YET, SO THEY LEFT THE WINNING PAINTING HANGING IN THE LIBRARY! OLD MAN VALE TOOK HIS PAINTING HOME WITH HIM! IT WAS ABOUT A WEEK LATER, WHEN...

IT WAS THE FIRST MOONLIGHT NIGHT SINCE THE COMPETITION! I DON'T GUESS ANYBODY SAW THAT SLINKING FIGURE! THEN, AT THE LIBRARY.

HEY, THERE! WHAT TH--?

CRASH!

THE WATCHMAN AT THE LIBRARY DIDN'T SEE THE FIGURE CLEARLY! BUT THEN...

WHA--?!

EEEEEE OOOOOOW!

THEN THE HORRIBLE SHAPE MADE A LEAP FOR THE PRIZE WINNING PICTURE, AND...

THE WATCHMAN WAS FOUND NEXT MORNING PRETTY BADLY SMASHED UP! BUT HE WASN'T DEAD, AND WHEN HE CAME BACK TO CONSCIOUSNESS...

I'M TELLIN' YER, IT WASN'T ANYTHING HUMAN! IT WAS HORRIBLE...

GUESS THE MORPHINE WE GAVE HIM STILL HAS HIM FOGGY! HE'S BEEN DREAMING OF WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM! NOW HE'S ALL MIXED UP!

NOBODY SEEMED TO CONNECT THE WATCHMAN'S WILD TALK WITH THAT PAINTING OF OLD MAN VALE'S! BUT MAYOR CORBIN DID! AND THAT EVENING...

THAT FELLOW, FLANAGAN, TALKS ABOUT A MONSTER, MARY! *UGH!* I'M JUST THINKING CRAZY THINGS, BUT...

DON'T BE SILLY, JIM!

I WAS ONE OF THE TWO JUDGES WHO *REJECTED* THAT MONSTER PAINTING! I—WHA—?!

JIM... JIM...

THE MAYOR'S WIFE DIDN'T SEE VERY MUCH OF IT! SHE FAINTED!

NO! NO! YOU CAN'T BE ALIVE! YOU'RE JUST A THING PAINTED ON A CANVAS!

EEEEOOOOOHH!

THE MAYOR'S WIFE'S STORY WAS PRETTY MUCH LIKE THE STORY OF THE WATCHMAN! THEN... ROLLINS, THE TOWN CLERK, HAD HAD HIS SUPPER! HE WAS AT HOME, WATCHING A BALL GAME ON TELEVISION!

YEOW! A HOMER! ATABOY! A HOME RUN!..

R-RING RING

THIS IS SERGEANT O'MALLEY... THE THINGS ALL CRAZY, OF COURSE! BUT MAYOR CORBIN ...AN' YOU... WERE THE TWO JUDGES,... ANYWAYS, I'M SENDING A COUPLE OF OUR MEN TO YOUR HOUSE! FOR YOUR PROTECTION...

A...A MONSTER LOOSE! A-AFTER ME?

AND AT THAT SAME INSTANT...

YOWW! IT'S HERE! IT'S GOT ME!

EEEOOW! HELP!

I WAS AT THE STATION HOUSE WHEN THE SARGE WAS PHONIN' ROLLINS! I GOT A BRIGHT IDEA, AND I SLIPPED OUT THE SIDE DOOR AND HOT-FOOTED IT OVER TO VALE'S PLACE...

UGH! GIVES YOU THE CREEPS!

I NEVER WAS MUCH ON GHOST STUFF! OLD MAN VALE MIGHT HAVE GONE OFF HIS HEAD... IMPERSONATING A MONSTER... GETTING REVENGE BECAUSE HIS PAINTING WAS REJECTED...

IF I CAN GRAB THIS OLD GEEZER, MAKE HIM CONFESS... I'LL GET A PROMOTION, MAYBE!

I HAD THE THING ALL DOPED OUT! A REGULAR SHERLOCK HOLMES!

THERE'S SOMETHING!.. HEY, YOU!

IT WAS THE OLD MAN!

I..I'M GLAD YOU CAME! MY PAINTING..THE M-MONSTER IS GONE FROM IT!

OH, YEAH!

I TELL YOU THE MONSTER'S FIGURE IS GONE FROM IT! AND..WORSE, THE FIGURES OF THE GNOMES ARE..

LET'S HAVE A LOOK!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BELIEVE ME! BUT I'M GIVING IT TO YOU STRAIGHT...SUDDENLY...

THERE HE IS! OHHH..

NO! NO! I'M SEEING THINGS!

YOU CAN'T KILL IT!

BLAM!

THE BULLET WENT RIGHT THROUGH IT AND..

NO..I..I DON'T WANT TO GO WITH YOU! I..HATE YOU! OHHH..HELP!... HELP!

I WAS TOO SCARED TO TRY TO DO ANYTHING!

HELP! EEEEEAAAHH!

I SWEAR IT--THEY WENT RIGHT THROUGH THE PAINTING!

NO! NO! EEEEEAAAAHH!

I GOT MY WITS AT LAST, AND...

VALE! VALE--?!

I LOOKED BEHIND THE PAINTING...

NOTHING HERE! W-WHERE DID THEY GO?

THEN I STOOD BEFORE THE PAINTING! AND THERE WAS THE MONSTER, IN THE PAINTED SCENE JUST AS HE HAD ALWAYS BEEN!

THE THREE GNOMES WHO HAD BEEN IN THE PAINTING WERE DIFFERENT NOW! AND THE MONSTER WAS SMIRKING!

WHY--WHY, THERE THEY ARE! MAYOR CORBIN, CLERK ROLLINS, AN' OLD MAN VALE!

THE POLICE RECORDS SAY THAT THE OLD MAN GOT REVENGE ON CORBIN AND ROLLINS, HID THEIR BODIES, AND PAINTED THEIR FIGURES, AND HIMSELF, INTO THE PAINTING! AN' THEN MADE HIS GETAWAY! OKAY, LET IT GO AT THAT! THEY GOT THE PAINTING IN THE STATION HOUSE NOW! AN' WHEN THE NEXT MOONLIGHT NIGHT COMES--YOU THINK I'M GOING TO BE ANYWHERE NEAR IT? NOT ME!

THE END

WAS HE DEAD?

WHAT TORTURED MIND, BURDENED WITH KNOWLEDGE OF A HIDEOUS CRIME, COULD WITHSTAND THE SHOCK OF BEING FACE TO FACE WITH THE DEAD? WHEN JACK BURTON, HIS SOUL DRIPPING WITH THE BLOOD OF A MAN HE HAD MURDERED, FOUND HIS VICTIM WALKING BESIDE HIM ON A LONELY STREET. HIS TERROR-RIDDEN BRAIN FORCED HIM TO BREAK THE SILENCE OF THE DEATH-TOMB. HE HAD TO ANSWER THE QUESTION THAT WAS DRIVING FROM HIM THE LAST SHRED OF SANITY. HAD THE MAN HE'D MURDERED ACTUALLY ESCAPED, OR... *WAS HE DEAD?*

BACKSTAGE IN A THEATRE OF A MID-WESTERN CITY, JACK BURTON, [redacted] SINGER IN THE SHOW, IS TALKING TO MARILYN [redacted] SHOWGIRLS.

HAVE YOU SPOKEN TO YOUR HUSBAND ABOUT THE DIVORCE?

IT'S NO GOOD, JACK. HE WON'T GIVE ME MY FREEDOM

LATER...IN BURTON'S DRESSING ROOM...

WHAT CAN WE DO, MARILYN?

I'D LIKE TO SEE HIM DEAD...AND YOU CAN DO IT, DARLING. YOU MUST KILL HIM!

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SAYING, MARILYN!

YOU TALK ABOUT HOW MUCH I MEAN TO YOU. NOW LET ME SEE YOU PROVE IT!

THE THOUGHT OF MURDERING MARILYN'S HUSBAND BOTH REPULSED AND FASCINATED BURTON, AND

IT WOULD BE A WAY OUT BUT

WHY IF IT ISN'T MY WIFE'S FAVORITE SINGER! HELLO, BURTON!

WHAT WAS IT THAT BROUGHT MARILYN BAKER'S HUSBAND TO THIS BAR?

BAKER! I WAS JUST THINKING ABOUT YOU. MY CAR'S OUTSIDE. HOW ABOUT ME GIVING YOU A LIFT!

SURE THING. IF YOU THINK YOU'RE IN CONDITION TO DRIVE

BURTON'S MIND, HAZED BY DRINK, TRIED TO AVOID WHAT WAS ALREADY BECOMING THE INEVITABLE

LISTEN, BAKER. I'M SURE MARILYN'S TOLD YOU WE'RE IN LOVE, AND

YOU CAN BOTH ROT IN HADES BEFORE I LET HER MARRY ANYONE ELSE!

WON'T YOU THINK ABOUT IT?

I'LL NEVER CHANGE W WHAT ARE WE STOPPING HERE FOR!

THIS!

ARGH H H!

BURTON DRAGGED THE BODY FROM HIS CAR. HIS BRAIN, CLEARED BY THE SHOCK OF WHAT HE HAD DONE, BEGAN TO WORK FRANTICLY

MUST GET RID OF THE BODY!

THEN JACK BURTON REALIZED WHERE HE HAD STOPPED THE CAR

WHAT COULD BE BETTER FOR A DEAD BODY THAN A CEMETERY!

NO ONE WILL EVER THINK OF LOOKING IN HERE!

BURTON OPENED THE DOOR OF THE CRYPT, AND STEPPED INSIDE HE LOCATED THE SPOT HE'D BEEN SEARCHING FOR ..

BEHIND THIS PEDESTAL HE'LL BE COMPLETLY OUT OF SIGHT

THEN BURTON'S ONLY THOUGHT WAS TO GET AWAY AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE .

WHAT AM I AFRAID OF? BAKER'S DEAD NOW AND I'VE GOT MARILYN FOR MYSELF.

THE NEXT DAY, JACK BURTON KEPT TO HIS ROOM, OPPRESSED BY A STRANGE, UNREASONED DREAD THAT NIGHT, JUST BEFORE STAGE TIME

M-MARILYN I HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL YOU.

YOU DO? ALL RIGHT

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE RELAX! WHAT ARE YOU SHAKY ABOUT?

MARILYN LISTEN! I DID IT. I KILLED HIM!

I DIDN'T THINK YOU HAD IT IN YOU! BUT WHY BE NERVOUS NOW IT'S ALL OVER WITH

I KEEP FEELING HE'S STILL HERE WATCHING ME LAUGHING AT ME!

BURTON'S FEARS DIMINISHED UNDER MARILYN'S RIDICULE! THEN THE STAGE MANAGER CALLED AND SAID THAT JACK BURTON WAS DUE ON-STAGE

GET HOLD OF YOURSELF, JACK.

I'LL BE ALL RIGHT!

BUT BURTON WAS DUE FOR A GREAT SHOCK! WAS IT HIS TANGLED NERVES OR WAS THE OCCUPANT OF THAT BOX REALLY BAKER?

AIEEEEE! BAKER!

JACK! WHAT IS IT?

I SAW HIM. YOUR HUSBAND! HE'S OUT THERE!

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

FEAR SNAPPED AT BURTON'S HEELS. REASON TOLD HIM THAT A DEAD MAN COULDN'T BE SITTING IN A THEATRE BOX. AND YET, HE KNEW HE HAD SEEN HIM

I MUST BE CRAZY!

GRADUALLY, JACK BURTON SLOWED TO A WALK. FEELING A LITTLE FOOLISH ABOUT RUNNING AWAY

PARDON ME, SIR, DO YOU HAVE A MATCH?

OF COURSE. HOW COULD I HAVE BEEN SUCH A FOOL?

BUT THE FLICKERING OF THE LIGHTED MATCH REVEALED NEW HORRORS TO JACK BURTON

THANK YOU VERY MUCH

NO! GET AWAY FROM ME!

BURTON FLED. BUT EVEN SO, HE COULD NOT ESCAPE THE SOUND OF LAUGHTER THAT FLOATED BEHIND HIM MOCKING HIM..

HA HA HA HA HA HA

JACK BURTON RAN ALL THE WAY BACK TO HIS CAR

I'M GOING INSANE I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO THAT CRYPT HE MUST HAVE ESCAPED! AND HE'S TRYING TO DRIVE ME OUT OF MY MIND!

LOCKED! I'LL GET THE CARETAKER TO LET ME IN!

BUT GETTING INTO THE NOW LOCKED CRYPT WAS NOT AN EASY THING...

I'VE GOT THE KEYS HERE, ALL RIGHT BUT I CAN'T LET YOU IN A CRYPT

I'VE GOT TO GET IN THERE

IF YOU WANT TO GET IN THAT CRYPT SO BADLY, WHY DON'T YOU GO TO THE WATSON HOUSE IT'S THEIR MOTHER THAT WAS BURIED IN THERE THIS MORNING

ALL RIGHT ALL RIGHT! I'LL BE BACK!

THE DRIVE TO THE WATSON RESIDENCE WAS ALMOST A NIGHTMARE ON HIS ARRIVAL HIS WORDS TUMBLED OUT ONE AFTER ANOTHER

THE CRYPT IN THE CEMETERY, MR. WATSON. I NEED YOUR PERMISSION TO GET IN.

YOU INTRUDE AT A TIME LIKE THIS!

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN HELP ME I'LL GO OUT OF MY MIND!

GET OUT OF HERE OR I'LL CALL THE POLICE!

THE THREAT TO CALL THE POLICE ROUSED BURTON, AND HE TURNED AND RAN

THE POLICE MUSTN'T KNOW I MUST GET HOLD OF MYSELF!

BURTON DECIDED THE SAFEST THING TO DO WOULD BE TO GET AWAY FROM TOWN

THERE'S SOMEONE WHO WANTS A LIFT I COULD USE A LITTLE COMPANY RIGHT NOW

COME ON, HOP IN ARGNHHHH!

THANKS A LOT!

THE SIGHT OF WHAT APPEARED TO BE BAKER BY THE ROADSIDE WAS THE FINAL BLOW THAT SHATTERED THE LAST STRAIN OF REASON IN JACK BURTON

I'LL KILL HIM AGAIN GOT TO GET INTO THE CRYPT

I TOLD YOU BEFORE THAT YOU'RE NOT GETTING THE KEY, SO

I'M GETTING THOSE KEYS! YOU'RE JUST LIKE THE REST!

DON'T AAAGH!

TRY TO STOP ME NOW!

LEAVING THE CARETAKER TO BLEED TO DEATH, BURTON WAS READY TO ENTER THE CRYPT

ONCE I KNOW YOU'RE NOT IN HERE I WON'T BE AFRAID OF YOU ANY MORE

NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS MAKE SURE HE'S NOT THERE WHAT'S THAT!

THERE WAS A FOOTSTEP OUTSIDE THE CRYPT

AYIIIIIIIIIIII!

I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU FOR A LONG TIME

GET AWAY FROM ME, BAKER!

DON'T WORRY. I'M NOT GOING TO TOUCH YOU I'M NOT EVEN GOING ANYWHERE NEAR YOU! IN FACT, I'M GOING TO LEAVE YOU ALL ALONE!

THE FIGURE OF BAKER STEPPED BACK AND SLAMMED THE DOOR OF THE CRYPT SHUT. THE TERROR OF HIS SITUATION DAWNED ON THE CRAZED MURDERER.

NO! NO! I CAN'T OPEN IT FROM THE INSIDE!

LET ME OUT! HELP! HELP!

THE NEXT DAY MR WATSON, [redacted] BY THE CRAZED ACTIONS OF HIS STRANGE VISITOR, REVISITED THE CRYPT OF HIS DEAD WIFE. AND...

THIS IS JUST WHERE I FOUND HIM

LOOKS AS THOUGH HE DIED OF FRIGHT!

HEY, MITCH, COME OVER HERE!

ANOTHER CORPSE!

I'LL NEVER FIGURE OUT HOW A GUY WHO GOT SUCH A BANG ON HIS HEAD AS THIS, COULD HAVE DIED SMILING!

JOHN UNTER, THE ONE-CRIMINAL CRIME WAVE! THEY CALLED HIM THAT AND THE TERRORIZED LITTLE VILLAGE OF MOSSY GLEN WAS THANKFUL WHEN, OUT OF THE STORM, A LIGHTNING BOLT LEAPED DOWN AND KILLED HIM! CAN THE DEAD SOMETIMES BE MORE DANGEROUS THAN THE LIVING? JOHN UNTER WAS DEAD, BUT THEN THERE WAS THE GRISLY, BLOOD-CHILLING THING...

THE MONSTER OF THE STORM

PETE TORRENCE, [redacted] H'S LONG DISTANCE TRUCK, STOPS FOR A HITCH-HIKER!

SAY, IF YOU LIVE AROUND HERE, MAYBE YOU GOT IDEAS ON THAT STORM MONSTER BUSINESS' FELLA N AN ALL NIGHT LUNCHROOM WAS TELLIN' ME ABOUT IT. LAST TRIP THROUGH' 'COURSE I DON'T BELIEVE N SUCH THINGS MY SELF BUT

MONSTER? WHAT MONSTER?

SEEMS IT BEGAN A FEW MONTHS AGO' ACCORD NG TO THE WAY THEY TELL IT THIS HERE MOSSY GLEN IS HAUNTED BY A HORRIBLE MURDER N' GHOST-THING' THEY CALL IT MONSTER OF THE STORM' IT ONLY COMES OUT ON STORMY NIGHTS'

GUESS IT WAS ABOUT LAST MAY' MAN WHO LIVED IN MOSSY GLEN, NICE QUIET FELLA NAMED JOHN UNTER' NOBODY NOTICED HIM MUCH' TRADESPEOPLE SAID HE WAS SORT OF QUEER ALWAYS GET-TIN ANNOYED AT SOME LITTLE THING' THEN ONE MORNIN, IN THE DRUG STORE

SO YOU WERE TOO BUSY TO DELIVER ME THAT PACKAGE OF RAZOR BLADES, YESTERDAY? OKAY, I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOU'

WHA ?'

NOBODY CAN DO THAT TO JOHN UNTER AND GET AWAY WITH IT'

HA-A-A!

THAT FELLA SURE DID BUST LOOSE AN' TURN HIMSELF INTO A ONE-CRIMINAL CRIME WAVE'

GOT HIM'

HEY, THERE WHA ? YEOW

THEN HE RAN INTO TONY'S BARBERSHOP NEXT DOOR

SO YOU THINK YOU CAN KEEP ME WAITING EVERY TIME I WANT MY HAIR CUT, DO YOU?

NOBODY CAN INSULT JOHN UNTER AND I'VE TO BOAST OF IT'

EEEOOW'

THAT WAS QUITE SOME MORNING IN MOSSY GLENN

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS FOR MOOSY HAMBURGERS! NOBODY CAN DO THAT TO JOHN UNTER!

IT'S JOHN UNTER! HE'S GONE CRAZY!

HE'LL KILL US! HELP! HELP!

Mc COY'S SEATS

THEY COULDN'T CATCH HIM

THERE HE GOES!

WE CAN HEAD HIM OFF AROUND THE BLOCK!

NOBODY CAN STOP ME! NEVER! I'LL KILL THEM ALL!

HE FINALLY HEADED OUT OF TOWN! BY THAT TIME THE SHERIFF WAS WITH THE MEN CHASIN H M!

THERE HE GOES INTO THE WOODS!

NOBODY CAN *EVER STOP ME!* *NOTHING CAN STOP ME!* HA! HA!

A SUDDEN THUNDER STORM HAD COME UP, AND

CRACK!

THE LIGHTNING BOLT KILLED HIM! HE WAS DEAD ALL RIGHT, NO ARGUMENT ON THAT ..

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING! SAME THING AS THE CHAIR! ONLY QUICKER!

HE'S DEAD! WELL THAT'S A BLESSING!

LITTLE MOSSY GLEN BREATHED AGAIN! THEY BURIED JOHN UNTER OVER IN THE ROLLINSVILLE CEMETARY, AN EVERYBODY THOUGHT THAT WAS THE END OF IT! SHERIFF JOHNSON DID, UNTIL ONE NIGHT

UNTER!? *NO! NO* IT CAN'T BE! IT CAN'T! YOU- YOU'RE DEAD!

YES!

IT WAS RAINING OUTSIDE NOW' AN ELECTRIC STORM HAD COME UP, WITH LIGHTNING FLARES AND THUNDER CRACKS'

CRASH!

NO' NO'

AS THE THUNDER CRASHED AND THE LIGHTNING GLARE BRIGHTENED THE LITTLE ROOM, A TERRIBLE CHANGE WAS TAKING PLACE IN UNTER'

NO' NO' HELP'

KOONK!

EVEN DEATH CANNOT STOP ME' HA' HA'

REVENGE'

H-E-L-P' OHHH...'

GRRRRR'

AHHH

AND A FEW MINUTES LATER, DOWN THE STREET IN McCOY'S LUNCHROOM

OKAY, BUT I'M TELLIN' YER I SEEN IT' JUST NOW-- FLOATIN' OUT OF THE SHERIFF'S HOUSE' THE *GHOST* OF JOHN UNTER' AN' HE LOOKED AWFUL' I NEVER SEEN SUCH A -

WHAT YOU BEEN DRINKIN, CHARLIE?

I'LL BET YOU DON'T' HA, HA'

GIVE HIM A CUP O' COFFEE MAC, HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT' HA HA'

OKAY, BUT I *DID* SEE IT' IT'S GREEN, LIKE LIGHTNIN'' IT'S-- IT'S- EEEEOOOW' *LOOKIT THERE'*

THERE WAS A BRIGHT LIGHTNING FLARE AND LOUD THUNDER CRASH AT THAT INSTANT, AND.

THERE IT IS! D-DON'T I TELL YOU ?

WOW! EEK!

MAYBE THE TOWN WOULD HAVE THOUGHT ALL THOSE MEN IN MCCOYS LUNCHROOM WERE IMAG-N NO THINGS! BUT THE STRANGLED BODIES OF SHERIFF JOHNSON AND HIS WIFE WERE REAL ENOUGH! *THEY* COULDN'T BE LAUGHED AWAY! IT HAPPENED TO BE QUITE A WHILE BEFORE THE NEXT BIG LIGHTN'NG STORM CAME! BUT WHEN IT DID

I GOT TO STOP THINKIN' ABOUT THAT STORM MONSTER BUSINESS! IT'S ALL FOOLISHNESS, BUT IT'S GETTIN ME DOWN! JUS' BECAUSE THAT FELLER UNTER DIDN'T LIKE THE WAY I FIXED H S SHOES ONE TIME

HELLO, LOOKS LIKE A STORM! IT'S BEGINNING TO RAIN!

THEN SUDDENLY

REMEMBER ME? HA, HA!

UNTER! NO! NO, IT *CAN'T BE!*

THAT CRASHING THUNDERCLAP SEEMED TO BE JUST ABOUT THE END OF THE STORM, AND IN ANOTHER MOMENT

THERE 'T GOES!

I TOLD 'YER!

THE STORM GOT WORSE AND

HA! HA! HA!

IN MOSSY GLEN NOW, THEY SAY THAT MONSTER APPEARS WITH EVERY BIG STORM! SURE SOUNDS CRAZY TO *ME!*

MY CHANCE AGAIN! HA! HA!

YEAH, LIKE I SAY, SURE SOUNDS CRAZY TO *ME!* WE'RE PRETTY NEAR TO MOSSY GLEN NOW! WHERE'LL I DROP YOU?

OH, ANYWHERE! THANKS!

HELLO, IT'S RAINING! I GOTTA PULL UP A MINUTE AN' FIX MY FOOL WINDSHIELD WIPER! IT GETS STUCK!

I SHOULDA FIXED THAT WIPER BACK IN ROLLINSVILLE CEMETARY, RIGHT ABOUT WHERE I PICKED YOU UP, REMEMBER? THAT'S *WHERE JOHN UNTER IS BURIED!*

S IT?

HEY, NO NEED TO GET OUT! I GOT IT FIXED!

NO! THAT'S CRAZY I DON'T BELIEVE IN...?!

HA! HA!

HELP!

THE END

TERRIFIC PRICE SMASH

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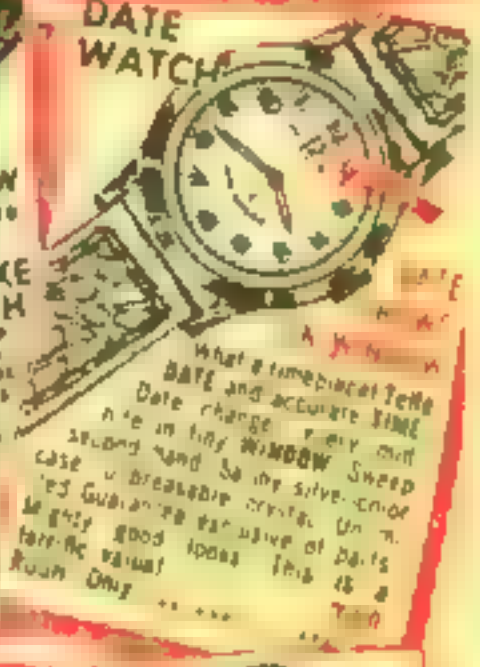

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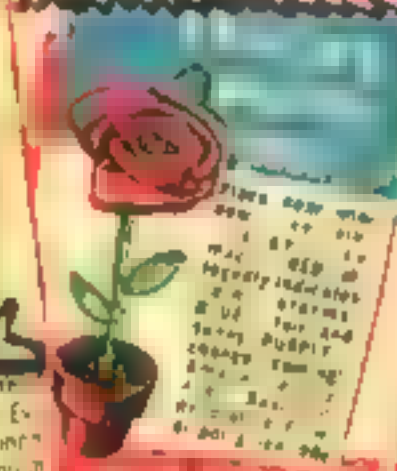

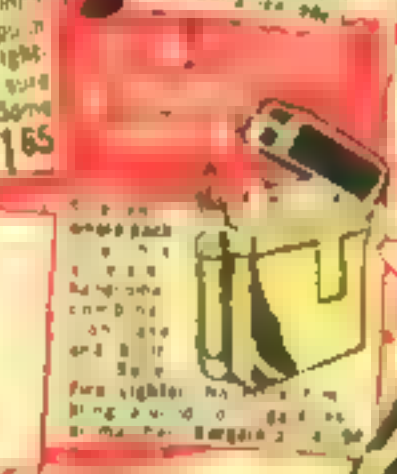

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SEND STRIP OF PAPER TO SHOW RING SIZE

KILL A WITCH!

When Hinchley saw the snake he screamed and ran wildly down the path. I took out after him, and in a few seconds caught up with him. I grabbed his arm and spun him around. He was shaking with fear.

"What's the matter with you, Hinch!" I barked at him, "You're not afraid of a King snake, are you?"

He cried out weakly, as if talking to someone else, "Not yet. Not yet, please."

"Snap out of it. That snake won't hurt you." He was still shaking and moaning. "All right," I added, "stay here while I go back up there and chase it away." And that's all I would do. I wouldn't kill a snake if my life depended on it.

I walked up close to the reptile, making as much noise as I could, and as I expected, it glided swiftly off the path and into the woods.

Then I headed backtoward Hinchley. "It's gone now, Hinch. Let's get going."

I started back up the path with Hinch, still very much frightened and dazed, plodding along at my heels. I glanced back at him, and the poor guy was peering all around as if he expected that snake to pop out of the woods at any moment and attack him.

"What ails you, Hinch?" I mumbled. "I've seen you catch rattlers and moccasins with your bare hands to win a screwy bet, and along comes a snake that's as harmless as a fishworm and you run away and scream your head off like a frightened schoolgirl."

He didn't say a word, just kept on shuffling along cautiously as if sudden death awaited his every step.

After about ten minutes of walking, during which neither of us spoke, we arrived at the railroad. Hinchley broke the silence.

"The freights slow down here," he said. He seemed somewhat calmer as we seated ourselves in the little grassy clearing alongside the tracks, but there was still a trace of fear..... fear of a King snake?

"Look, Hinch," I said, "We've knocked around together for quite a while. If something's bothering you, why not get it off your chest? I may not be able to help you, but I am a good listener,"

"You'll think I'm crazy like the rest of them did," he snapped. "But I'm not! It really happened!"

"What happened, Hinch?" I coaxed. "Tell me."

And he told me. I'll never forget the wild scared look in his eyes as he stammered out his story."

"It was several years ago," he began, "I was put in jail in a small town in Georgia on a vagrancy charge. I was sulking in my cell when the local police brought in another prisoner and locked him in a cell across from me.

I figured I'd have someone to talk to for a while, so I politely asked him what he was in for.

"I killed a witch tonight, he growled at me.

I laughed. I know I shouldn't have, but it sounded so ridiculous—witches in this day and age!

'Look Mac,' he snarled, 'it ain't funny. So how about shutting your trap now and letting me alone?' So I did as he said and shut up.

Night came on, and there wasn't a peep out of the witch killer until very late when the dim silence of the old jail was broken by a terrified scream

from his cell.

No one came back to see what was happening. All of the cops must have been out looking for more vagrants or something. I strained my eyes against the dim corridor light to see what was going on.

The killer had picked up his stool and, cursing loudly, was batting it furiously against the floor.

By this time I thought he was completely nuts, and then I saw it—a king snake about a yard long was in his cell, and he was trying to kill it with his stool, but the snake skillfully evaded every blow.

Then that snake coiled in the corner and spoke! It actually talked, in a thin high cracked feminine voice!

'I've come to get you, Larkin,' it said to the prisoner. 'I am going to eat you.'

Larkin dropped his stool and stood there trembling and mumbling things I couldn't catch. Then he seemed to get hold of himself and laughed.

'I must be nuts!' he shouted. 'The witch is dead. She can't harm me now!'

'Ah, you forget, Larkin, the powers of a witch,' the snake cooed. 'Even in death I can take the form of an animal. All humans are reincarnated in the animal form most akin to their personalities. Being evil, but not evil enough to take the shape of a venomous serpent, I have become this seemingly harmless constrictor, the King snake.'

Larkin, frightened though he was, laughed again.

'How can such a small snake as you swallow a six foot man like myself?' he asked in a sneering tone.

'Are you really that tall?' the snake asked tauntingly.

It was then that I realized that Larkin was shrinking. He was no longer the big man so recently locked in the cell. He was actually growing smaller and smaller, and his clothes seemed to shrink with him. Larkin dumbfoundedly noticed his change in size.

'Another of the powers granted me by Satan,' the coiled form said. 'Soon you'll be just right for me, Larkin.'

Larkin screamed, a high piercing scream as might come from the throat of a midget, and tried to squeeze his tiny body through the bars of his cell. He struggled and pushed, and the snake laughed at him in a hideous cackling manner that made more shivers run up my already shivering spine.

Then she struck and sank her teeth in his shoulder and threw him viciously across the cell up against the wall. She must have broken his back, because he couldn't move—just sat in a heap about six inches high staring dazedly across his cell.

The snake darted out, caught him again and threw her coils around his helpless body. I could see the pressure being put on and hear faint high-pitched screams of agony intermingled with a sound as of chicken bones being broken and torn.

Then she relaxed her coils and took Larkin's motionless and broken little body into her mouth head first and started to swallow him whole, and down he went in slow undulating movements.

The fascination was over for me, and I lost my head. I screamed loud and long. With Larkin fully consumed the reptile looked sleepily over toward me. I was terrified.

'Have no fear now,' she said. 'I have eaten well tonight, but since you have unwittingly observed this work of my master, Satan, you too must some day suffer the same fate.' And with that she crawled sluggishly into the corner where she coiled and seemingly

went to sleep.

I must have passed out then. The next thing I knew there was a noisy commotion in the corridor.

A rough voice barked out, 'Larkin's gone!'

Another voice snapped at me. 'What happened? How did he get out?'

'He didn't' I screamed. 'He's in that snake!' And I pointed to the corner where the snake still lay sleeping off its grisly meal.

'Kill it! Kill it! Open its belly. That's where Larkin is'. I must have sounded quite mad as I babbled out the entire story to them.

'This guy is crazy as a loon,' the rough voice said. But one of the policemen went into the cell and easily clubbed the snake to death. Then, laughing at me, he slit the creature's stomach. There in the snake was a large freshly killed rat.

'There's a bunch of them rats around here,' the rough voice said. 'This guy is really whacky.'

'No!' I screamed, 'Larkin must have been alive when he was swallowed and then died in the snake's stomach. He was reincarnated as a rat!'

No one would believe my story, and I was locked up in an insane asylum. Finally after a couple years of that I lied to the doctors and denied the whole affair, and for this I was judged sane and set free.

I thought that after I was released everything would be all right. I had seen the evil snake killed, therefore she could never harm me. Then one day when I was working in a Carolina lumber camp I was startled in the woods by a King snake exactly like the one which ate Larkin. It spoke to me

'Ah, Hinchley, you recognize me,' it said, and it even knew my name. 'It won't be too long now. I'll soon be hungry.' And with that it slithered off into the brush.

Now I was more terrified than ever. My days were numbered. Just after that I started to knock around with you, and since you know my story you probably think I'm crazy too. But it did happen. It really did'"

Well, I couldn't believe him either, but I did make an attempt to make him think I believed. Poor Hinch. Harmless, but nutty as a pecan roll.

Like clockwork the freight we were waiting for popped into view. We ran back out of sight until the forward end of the train had passed us. Then, seeing an open boxcar, we made a dash for it and were soon not-too-comfortably quartered in the empty car.

It was soon dark and I stretched out on the hard floor to try and get some sleep. Hinchley just sat quietly up against the side of the car.

I woke up just after dawn. "Hinch," I said, "let's get ready to get out of here. Hinch! Where are you? Did that crazy fool fall out of this wagon?"

He was nowhere to be seen. I was the only one in the car, but I felt there there was something else in with me—and there was.

Just inside the shadow of the door I could see a coiled form, maybe an old rope. I walked over to it, and then I knew. A King snake was coiled in perfect contentment on the floor of the boxcar sleeping.

I prodded it with my foot, and it sluggishly unwound itself. I couldn't help but shudder when I saw the telltale bulge in its belly.

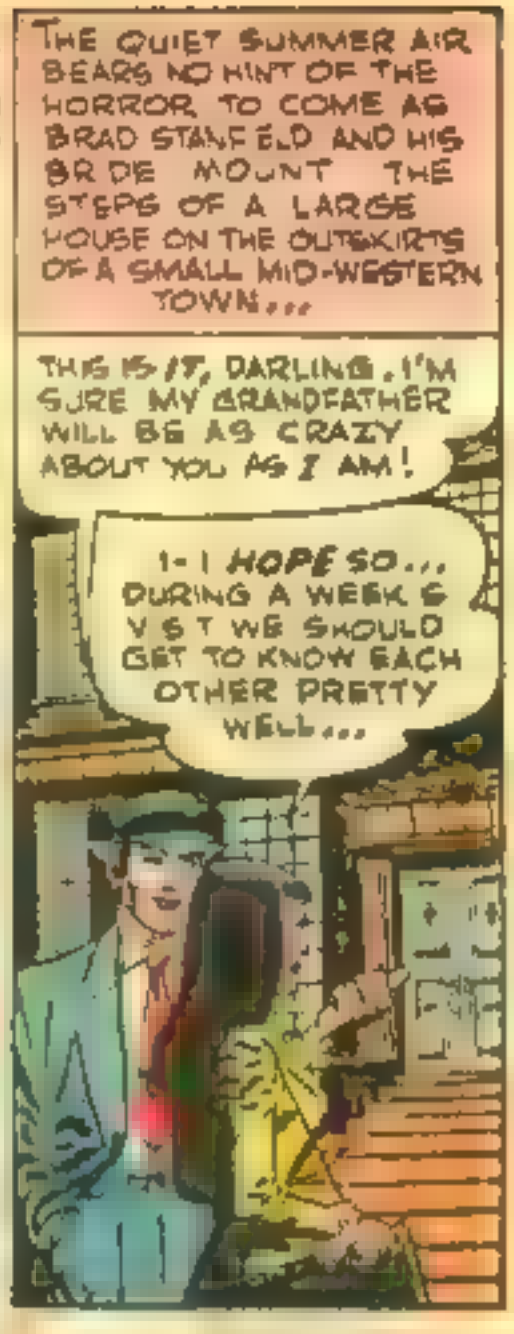
I reached down and grabbed it, and being the docile creature it is, it made no attempt to bite me.

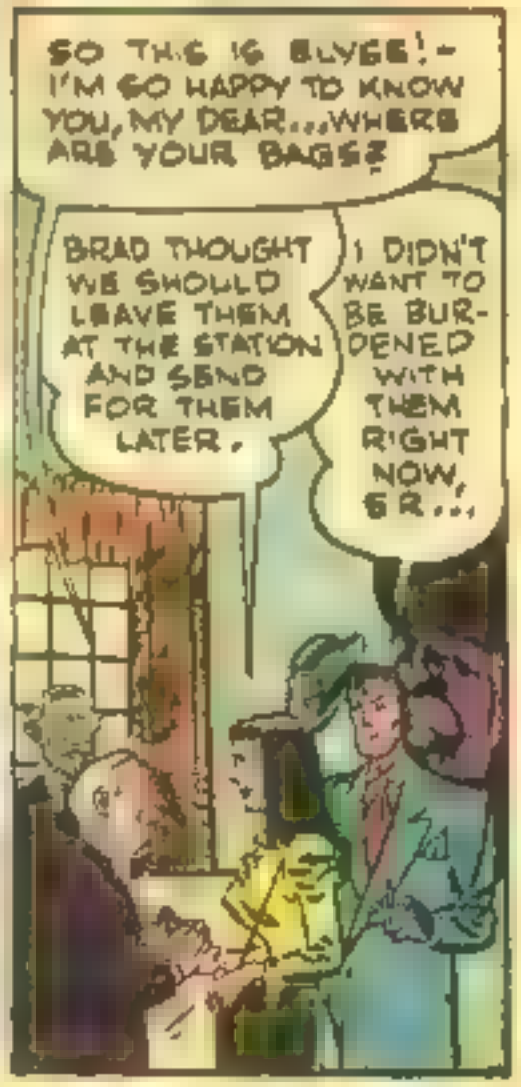
"Lady," I said, "I didn't see a thing."

And then I tossed it gently out the door. I wouldn't kill a snake if my life depended on it.

THE HATE OF COUNTLESS CENTURIES, GROWING STRONGER WITH EACH PASSING YEAR, REACHES OUT TO FULFILL ITS MISSION... *TO KILL!* THOSE WHO SCOFF AND TURN AWAY FALL EASY VICTIMS TO THE EVIL THAT DEMANDS DEATH, BUT STRETCHES OUT TO THE LIVING THROUGH

THE MIRROR OF ISIS!





AFTER THE INITIAL GREETINGS WERE OVER, BRAD'S GRAND-FATHER INTRODUCED THEM TO HIS OTHER HOUSE GUEST... DR. REDMOND, THE WELL-KNOWN ARCHEOLOGIST, AND THEN THEY SAT DOWN TO DINNER...

IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME A MOMENT, I THINK I'LL GO INTO THE STUDY FOR SOME TOBACCO...

DON'T BE LONG... DR. REDMOND'S PROMISED TO TELL US SOME OF HIS EXPERIENCES IN THE EGYPTIAN TOMBS.

ABOUT TEN MINUTES LATER...

...AND THERE ARE SOME THINGS THAT ARE ABSOLUTELY *UNBELIEVABLE* TO THE NORMAL MIND, UNLESS YOU'VE HAD SOME CONTACT WITH THE ANCIENT MYSTERIES OF EGYPT. BUT I MUST BE BORING YOU...

NOT AT ALL, DOCTOR!... I WAS JUST WONDERING WHY GRANDFATHER WAS SO LONG...AND WHAT HAPPENED TO *ELYSE*?

AS IF IN ANSWER TO BRAD'S QUESTION - A SCREAM OF HORROR RAN THROUGH THE ROOM...

WH-WHAT WAS *THAT*?

HURRY, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE,... IT CAME FROM THE *STUDY*!

YAAAAAAAA

GRANDFATHER! WHAT HAPPENED

GOOD LORD! THAT MARK ON HIS FOREHEAD!... *IS IS!* BUT - *NOW!*

AS THOUGH TO BELIE THE SUMMER SEASON, A STRANGE CHILL - *AS OF THE GRAVE* - FILLED THE ROOM...

WHY IS IT SO *COLD* IN HERE? *ELYSE!* WHERE'S ELYSE?

GOOD HEAVENS, MAN!... *THAT MIRROR!*

DR REDMOND MOVED WITH UNEXPECTED SPEED, RUSHED TO THE STRANGE MIRROR ON THE WALL...

THERE!

WH-WHY'D YOU DO *THAT*?

BUT BEFORE DR. REDMOND COULD EXPLAIN HIS ACTIONS...

ELYSE! I'VE BEEN SO WORRIED ABOUT YOU! -

WHY? - IS THERE ANYTHING WRONG?

DIDN'T YOU HEAR THAT SCREAM?

BRAD...I FEEL SO *STRANGE*-

HERE, DARLING- LET ME HELP YOU TO A CHAIR.

NO- NOT IN *HERE*! LET'S GET OUT INTO THE LIVING ROOM!

SOME HOURS LATER...

WHY DON'T YOU AGREE WITH THE POLICE-THAT MY GRANDFATHER'S DEATH WAS THE WORK OF SOME TRAMP?

I'M AFRAID YOU'RE GOING TO THINK I'M SOME KIND OF CRACKPOT, BUT I'M *POSITIVE* THAT NO PERSON... OR *THING*... CAUSED HIS DEATH! - IT'S THE WORK OF *THE MIRROR OF ISIS!*

LISTEN, BRAD- I'VE SEEN MUCH MORE MYSTICISM THAN YOU BELIEVE POSSIBLE! THAT MIRROR IN YOUR GRANDFATHER'S STUDY IS *DEADLY!* AS SOON AS I SAW IT ON THE WALL, I RECOGNIZED IT!... SUCH MIRRORS AS THAT ONE WERE KEPT HIDDEN IN THE RECESSES OF THE TEMPLES OF ISIS IN ANCIENT EGYPT- AND WERE USED BY THE HIGH PRIESTHOOD TO GUARD AGAINST VIOLATION!

WITHIN HIS MIRROR, THE PRIEST WAS ABLE TO *PRESERVE* HIS SPIRIT *AFTER DEATH!*... AND BRING THE *CURSE OF ISIS* DOWN UPON THE HEAD OF ANYONE WHO DEFILED THE TEMPLE BY REMOVING THE MIRROR. WHEN THE MIRROR IS EXPOSED, THE SPIRIT CAN ESCAPE...BUT IT CAN *ONLY* TAKE EFFECT UPON THE PRESENT WORLD WHEN IT ENTERS THE BODY OF ONE WHO IS A DIRECT DESCENDENT OF THE PRIESTHOOD! THEN IT DIRECTS THE *WILL* OF *THAT* PERSON,...

THEN... YOU MUST MEAN...

YES!- *SOMEONE IN THIS HOUSE IS A CARRIER FOR THE SPIRIT OF EVIL!*- IT MIGHT BE... *ANYONE!*

NONSENSE! YOU'RE FORGETTING, DOCTOR... THIS ISN'T THE DARK AGES! AND I WISH YOU WOULDN'T FRIGHTEN ELYSE WITH THOSE RIDICULOUS FAIRY TALES!

SCOFF AS HE MIGHT, THE STRANGE TALE FASCINATED BRAD, AND... THE NEXT DAY... HE AND ELYSE WERE IN HIS GRANDFATHER'S STUDY...

DR. REDMOND WAS SO CONVINCED BY HIS STORY, THAT I'M ALMOST TEMPTED TO DRAW BACK THE DRAPE ON THIS MIRROR AND SEE IF THERE ARE ANY SPOOKS INSIDE!

NO, BRAD... PLEASE *DON'T!* I'M - I'M *FRIGHTENED!*

DON'T BE *FOOLISH!* YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BE TAKEN IN BY THAT SUPERSTITION, TOO. NOW, *WATCH!*... I'LL JUST PULL THIS CORD...

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE *DOING!*

SEE THERE'S NOTHING.

WHA-?

SEEING THE REFLECTION OF EVIL WHERE HE *KNEW* ELYSE HAD BEEN STANDING A MOMENT AGO, SHOOK BRAD'S NERVES TO THE CORE!- WITH ONE MOVEMENT, HE PULLED THE DRAPE BACK OVER THE MIRROR,... AND WHIRLED!...

ELYSE!

WHAT IS IT, BRAD? WHAT *FRIGHTENED* YOU SO?...

I-I DON'T KNOW... I MUST BE *SEEING* THINGS! IT MUST BE THE POWER OF SUGGESTION.. COME ON - LET'S GET OUT OF THIS PLACE!

A SHORT WHILE LATER...

BRAD.. I UNDERSTAND YOU'VE INSTRUCTED THE SERVANTS NOT TO TOUCH THAT MIRROR, I HOPE THAT MEANS YOU'RE TAKING A MORE SENSIBLE ATTITUDE ABOUT IT!

I *STILL* DON'T BELIEVE YOUR STORY, DOCTOR,- BUT THERE'S NO POINT IN TEMPTING FATE!

BUT A SUSPICION, ONCE PLANTED, CAN FESTER LIKE AN OPEN WOUND. BRAD COULDN'T REMOVE THE MOMENTARY GLIMPSE OF EVIL FROM HIS MIND... AN EVIL THAT SEEMED, IN SOME UNEARTHLY WAY, TO BE CONNECTED WITH ELYSE....

YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING AT ME STRANGELY EVER SINCE WE WERE IN YOUR GRANDFATHER'S STUDY. IS SOMETHING BOTHERING YOU?-

NO, DARLING...I'M JUST TIRED, I GUESS.

THAT NIGHT, BRAD WAS AWAKENED BY A FEELING OF UNEASINESS...

ELYSE! SHE'S GONE! I'D BETTER FIND HER...

BUT BRAD WAS SPARED THE NECESSITY OF SEARCHING FOR ELYSE AS HE WAS ABOUT TO LEAVE THE BEDROOM, THE FAMILIAR FIGURE OF HIS WIFE SLIPPED LIKE A SHADOW THROUGH THE DOORWAY-

THANK HEAVEN YOU'RE BACK! I WAS BEGINNING TO WORRY ABOUT... *ELYSE!* WHAT IS IT? WHY DON'T YOU *SAY* SOMETHING?

SLEEPWALKING! FOR A MOMENT I THOUGHT...WHAT AM I THINKING?

THE NEXT DAY, BRAD SAID NOTHING TO ELYSE ABOUT HER SLEEPWALKING OF THE NIGHT BEFORE, AND WAS WITH DOCTOR REDMOND... WHEN A FRIGHTENED SCREAM RENT THE AIR...

AIEEE! BRAD! DR. REDMOND! COME QUICKLY!

'TIS ELYSE! I'M COMING, DARLING —

I FOUND IT, BRAD. IT'S SO HORRIBLE — HORRIBLE!

SHH DARLING... DR REDMOND AND I WILL TAKE CARE OF THIS. GO UPSTAIRS AND LIE DOWN...

IT'S ONE OF THE SERVANTS, BRAD... IT MUST HAVE HAPPENED LAST NIGHT!

THE MIRROR WAS EXPOSED AGAIN... THE POOR BEGGAR DISREGARDED YOUR INSTRUCTIONS. NOW DO YOU BELIEVE ME?

I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT IT, DR. REDMOND BUT FIRST— ELYSE YOU GET UP TO BED...

ALL RIGHT, DARLING— BUT DON'T THINK I'LL BE ABLE TO SLEEP...

THE SAME MARK OF THE SCARAB ON HIS HEAD... THE SAME TYPE OF DAGGER... THE EXPOSED MIRROR!— CAN YOU STILL DOUBT THE EVIL OF THE MIRROR?

RIGHT NOW... I WISH I COULD! THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT ELYSE I WANT YOU TO KNOW...

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

ELYSE'S STRANGE ACTION OF LAST NIGHT, PLUS THE FACE I IMAGINED I SAW IN THE MIRROR, HAS ME VERY WORRIED!—

THERE IS A QUESTION I'D BEEN HESITATING ASKING YOU... BUT FOR THE SAFETY OF ALL OF US, I MUST! HOW LONG DID YOU KNOW ELYSE BEFORE YOU WERE MARRIED? WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF HER BACKGROUND?

I MET ELYSE IN NEW YORK... SHE WAS STUDYING ART. SHE SAID HER PARENTS CAME FROM MEMPHIS, AND USED TO WONDER ABOUT HER NOT HAVING A SOUTHERN ACCENT... BUT... GOOD LORD!

YES... THERE IS A CITY OF MEMPHIS IN EGYPT! I'M AFRAID YOUR WIFE IS INDIRECTLY RESPONSIBLE FOR TWO DEATHS, SHE'S THE INSTRUMENT THROUGH WHICH THE SPIRIT OF THE HIGH PRIEST IS WORKING!

IT'S INCREDIBLE! IT MUST BE SO... BUT I HAVE TO BE SURE! AND THERE IS A WAY!...

LISTEN, BOY... DON'T DO ANYTHING FOOLISH,-

THAT NIGHT, WHILE ELYSE SLEPT SOUNDLY...

I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT ANYONE SO SWEET COULD HAVE COMMITTED THOSE HORRIBLE CRIMES! BUT I'LL KNOW... SOON!

BRAD CAUTIOUSLY AND QUIETLY MADE HIS WAY DOWNSTAIRS TO THE STUDY. FOR A MOMENT, FEAR-BRED OF AN INBORN DREAD OF THE UNKNOWN - MADE HIM HESITATE...

I MUST GO THROUGH WITH IT... BUT I'LL FEEL BETTER WITH A LITTLE LIGHT!-

WITH THE DISAPPEARANCE OF TERRIFYING SHADOWS, BRAD'S COURAGE RETURNED. AND HE NEEDED ALL HIS RESOLUTION TO FORCE HIMSELF TO DRAW BACK THE DRAPE THAT WOULD REVEAL THE HIDDEN HORROR OF *THE MIRROR OF ISIS!*

THAT CHILL! - IT RETURNED TO THE ROOM AS SOON AS I PULLED THE DRAW-STRING!

NOW TO WAIT FOR WHATEVER COMES...

AS THE MINUTES DRAGGED INTO HOURS, BRAD'S EYELIDS - HEAVY FROM LACK OF SLEEP - CLOSED... AS THOUGH WAITING FOR THIS MOMENT, AN EERIE GLOW EMANATED FROM THE MIRROR! - SECONDS LATER, A SHADOW STOLE INTO THE ROOM AND APPROACHED BRAD'S SLEEPING FORM...

MAYBE IT WAS MERELY THE FLEETING SHADOW... MAYBE IT WAS THE INTENSITY OF EVIL... BUT *SOMETHING* MADE BRAD OPEN HIS EYES...

WHA-? GET AWAY! GET AWAY!

MUST KILL! MUST KILL!

ELYSE! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE- DON'T! I-I CAN'T MOVE!- SOMETHING... HOLDS... ME... PARALYZED!- ELYSE

MAKING AN ALMOST SUPERHUMAN EFFORT- BORN OF UTMOST DESPARATION - BRAD REACHED OUT FOR ANYTHING THAT MIGHT HELP...

FOR... ELYSE'S... SAKE... MUST... MOVE!...

KILL!

MISSED! ELYSE... DON'T!-

CRASH

WHAT HAPPENED?

I... I... OHHH!...

ELYSE... DARLING!

SHE-SHE WAS GOING TO KILL ME... LIKE THE OTHERS! I THREW SOMETHING TO STOP HER-MISSED- AND THEN SHE FAINTED!

I THINK SHE'LL BE ALL RIGHT, NOW. YOU MISSED HER... BUT YOU SHATTERED THE MIRROR OF ISIS! THE CURSE IS KILLED!

BRAD! WHAT AM I DOING HERE? DON'T TELL ME I'VE BEEN SLEEPWALKING AGAIN? I-I HOPE I DIDN'T BREAK ANYTHING!...

EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT, DARLING. YOU DIDN'T BREAK A THING!

BUT... THANK HEAVEN I DID!

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